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Time Changes Everything



8 0 3

Chapter 1 by mickdamerchant

Today started out as a normal day. I woke up at five, wrote in my journal and headed downstairs to get some breakfast. A usual breakfast for me consists of a sugary cereal, like PeanutButtaCrunch, and a glass of orange juice. As I'm eating my cereal and drinking my juice I'm looking over my journal for the last six years. My first entry reads "Got this journal for my 10th birthday. Seems like a pretty lame gift. This is useless. Maybe my future self will read this and wonder why I was so rude. Nevermind." That was on December second, 2010. Exactly 6 years ago. Now I'm 16 and in high school. It's a challenge but I seem to pull through every day. I hear a car horn outside so I finish breakfast, throw on some shoes, grab my backpack, and run outside to the car. I get a ride from my friends Luke and Leah. No, not lay-uh. It's pronounced ley. Got it? Ok.

I like talking to my friends considering they're the only people that will listen to me rant on and on about the new movies and video games and fanfiction and anything really. It's a surprise anyone listens to me! Why you may ask? Because I can't talk. I don't really know why. I'm a pretty smart kid so I do well in school. I just have trouble making, and keeping, friends. On this particular morning Luke and Leah are early.

"Hey Preston!"

I always feel bad about that.

I'm not a good friend.

I don't think you can be a good friend.

Hey Preston is a bad friend.

I don't know. She hasn't been a good friend to me before.

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"Is there something going on between you two?" she asks.

"Not that I know of," I decide to change the subject.

"Want to grab some doughnuts? Dee Dee's is just up that way, and we're early!"

"No thanks, I don't have any money on me," I reply.

"Oh don't worry," says Leah, "We'll pay"

As she's turning onto the street I fish around in my backpack for some cash. Luckily I find a five and offer to buy my own. We're pulling up to the drive-thru when I feel my phone buzz. It's Maggie. I have to answer so I ask if we can go inside.

"Hello?"

"Hi!" she says, "Sorry for not answering your texts. I lost my phone and it was out of battery. I'm sorry..."

"Oh ok," I reply, relieved, "We're at Dee Dee's. Want us to pick you up a doughnut?"

"Oh, sure! Cream filled Long John with chocolate frosting please."

"That's what I thought you'd say," I tell her, smiling, "See you in a bit."

We arrive at school and I run to my first class, American History. I prefer to learn about current things but... I open the door and sneak to my seat. My teacher, Ms. Richmond, has her back to the class so I sit down with a sigh of relief.

"Preston?" asks Ms. Richmond, "Why are you late?"

"I... uh..." I say, wiping doughnut crumbs off of my face.

"You what?"

"I got...uh...uh...pulled over!"

"Riiiiiiight. Show me the ticket."

"There is none! He gave me a warning!"

"Well then. I expect that last night's assignment is done. Is it?"

"I...uh...I..."

The whole class erupts in laughter. I can feel my cheeks turning red

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